## PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

SUNDAY,

OUIDA.

NYE AND THE RECORD.

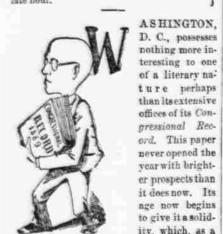
What the Great Congressional Journal Will be for 1889.

SOME CHANGES IN THE STAFF.

Specialists to Dish Up the Disorderly

Doings in the House. NO EXPENSE TO BE SPARED, AS USUAL

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 In the Dome of the Capitol at Midnight at a ?



ord. This paper er prospects than age now begins not heretofore possess. For its coming year,

"prolonged laughter" will be an everyday

occurrence. There will be articles of interest from time to time, by some of our most entertaining Congressional writers. Notable articles on Dakota by Cox, war history by Ingalls, Sherman and others. Special articles will appear from time to time, by its best writers, both in the House and Senate. men who will, during the present year, give up more of their time to the preparation of such addresses or essays for the Record, and less to making speeches than heretofore. In past years there has been too much delivering of these speeches or opin-ions, and the printing has been con-sidered secondary; but now the editors of the Record hope to print the best work of Congress, in advance of its delivery, or in many instances giving much better and entirely original matter in the Record. Page after page of the magazine will this year be used for this purpose exclusively by the publishers and thus it is hoped that those who have heretofore gone to the House or the Senate to listen to a speech, will become paying subscribers to the Record, in order to get more and better literary stuff.

A PROSPECTIVE MILLENNIUM. It is thought that the time will come at with the aid of a powerful prayer, and then will repair to their committee rooms, thus torials for the great magazine and its eager

In the humorous department several sparkling and bubbling in the columns of sion will be offered as a prize. the Record. Heretofore many of his last things were not reported, as the blue pencil has slaughtered his brightest and toodliest humor. He will now have a chance to do his best and see that his work is properly printed without change. Mr. Riddleberger will also handle the laughter font and (hie!) galley under contract with the editor of the part not to contribute to any other paper in

the meantime. This may read like a puff for the Con-gressional Record, but I feel a growing in-terest in the paper which is far above mercenary considerations. The paper is one that I have watched with much solicitude for many years. It has had a hard struggle and other papers have hopped on it in a critical way that made my heart bleed. Now it is prospering. It has a good staff, and, best of all, it is backed by Congress with writers like Preston B. Plumb and Amos J. Cummings, old journalists, who can write a speech for themselves or others whose heads may give them pain when they try to use them for thinking purposes; with a hell-box full of statistics and a two-bushel coffee sack full of poetry, to say nothing of the pick-ups or picks-up rather, in the way of prolonged sensation, [applause in the gallery and cries of "shet up."]

COMING NOVELTIES.

The Record is better equipped than ever before, and yet there will be no addition made to the price. A Representative who is also the associate editor, tells me that they think of making the Record also an illustrated magazine at no distant date. Senator Brown, of Georgia, will contribute with valuable articles on table etiquette, and Senator Stamford will prepare a treatise on "How to Acquire a Competency; or, The Mighty Masterpiece of a Self-Made Man." An ex-Senator from Florida will prepare an article of 2,000 words on the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" Hon. Daniel Webster Voorbees, of Indiana, will write a continued story about the war. He will be followed by an Old Soldier and many citizens. Senator Edmunds will write something on the care of the hair. He will be followed by Senator Spooner, of Missouri. Senator with instructions to hold it for future addi-Ingalis will do the paragraphing for the Record this year, and Senator Quay will whether the speech be delivered or not, the oversee the job printing.

It is a bright, cheery sight indeed, at a later hour of the night to drop in and see the staff at work on the forthcoming paper, In the midst of it all a member of Congress hurries in with a bicycle item, marked "must," or a panting secretary comes in with something for the chess column. All



are alive all are busy, and, with tireless hand and rambling brain, they are getting together the great paper which is soon to

neet the eye of the eager reader. DISTINGUISHED MECHANICS. At the desk Mr. Cox is measuring the string for an employe, while at a case near by Senator Hoar is looking over a galley of his forthcoming speech and sprinkling it with applause. The grateful perfume of honest personation and hot roller composition greets the senses, such as they are. Anon there is a timid knock at the door, and Ton Brid. and Tene Reid, of Maine, comes in with a little poem which he would like to see in type if it be worthy. He says he will surround it by a speech if necessary, in order to get it printed. Then a member from

Mississippi runs in with a speech which he desires to have substituted for the one delivered at the morning session of Congress Next comes the Chaplain, who just remem bers that he was a little ungrammatical to God in opening the House, and desires, not for his own sake especially, but on behalf of the cause he represents, to have the correc-tion made, also to add another line to the couplet with which he closed his prayer, otherwise it might not be accepted at the

Throne of Grace.

I do not think I am over sanguine when I say that the Congressional Record is the coming paper. It embodies all the good features of many more voluminous publications, and vet is ever fresh. At least it is just as fresh as it ever was. It combines all the carnest form of an English joke book, with the frothy fingers and statistics of a with the frothy fingers and statistics of a census report, the bright personal informa-tion of a city directory with a dog chain on it, the gentle pathos of the tax roll for 1888. The thrill and throb embodied in a 1,000-mile coupon book over the Tip Up and Whistle Railroad, and the blood curdling plot found in Noah Webster's works.

SOME NEEDED REFORMS.

The management feels that it has the right of what the people want, and every effort will be made to furnish a long felt want. Heretofore a great deal of criticism has been engendered by the loose and unsatisfactory way in which personal altercaord. This paper never opened the year with brighter prospects than perhaps, was either suppressed or garbled in such a way that the subscriber and con-stituent is left in the deepest doubt as to to give it a solid- whether the representative for his district ity, which, as a was victorious or not. Now it will be differvoung squant of a journalistic venture, it did | ent. Earnest men will be detailed with nothing else to do, but report the crimes it will therefore be bright, breezy, racy, will be dispensed with, each man being alfresh, gossipy and still instructive in a high lowed hereafter to insert his own applause, degree. While catering to the tastes of the as his good judgment and fine discrimina careful student, it will also bubble over this year with parenthetical "laughter," and For the coming year, the Record will also

award prizes to large clubs in order to extend its circulation over our entire land.



Bound copies of the Record will be offered to those getting up the largest cash club. Bound copies of the Report or the Commission on Diseases of Swine for 1878 will be given to those making the next best record. This book is especially interesting, and should be on every center table. It is well printed, and has bright red pictures of the hog in health and disease. Neither the hog nor the author should be ashamed of his the various associate editors of the Record | works, so long as they are so well handled. pair to their committee rooms, thus The study in congested livers is alone worth and purified, to write their edition of the book.

The report of the curculio commission illustrated, will make another prize book. club with their members; at least those Also a treasure entitled, The Home Life of ladies' clubs from which men are excluded. to the paper; it is thought Senator Riddle-berger will give less time to histrionic humor hereafter, and thus have more leisure for Resonant Report of the Microbe Commis-Resonant Report of the Microbe Commis-

THE PUZZLE DEPARTMENT. The Record will also ask the public to guess the number of beans in a jar which will be hermatically sealed. Anyone acting in good faith may guess the number of beans contained in the jar, by paying 50 cents, and if successful, he will have to get up Record, with a positive obligation on his pretty early in the morning. If he should not succeed in guessing the right number, he will still have a chance to subscribe for the paper, provided he shall act in good

In closing, I will say that the next ten years will see great change in what we may be pardoned for calling Congressional journalism. The Record will, of course, be organ of Congress, as it were, but it will be held in higher esteem, because Congress will do more writing for it instead of doing so much in a declamatory way. The Con-gressman of the future will be more of a student, and will try harder to build up his paper than he has. Heretofore our American Congress has virtually said to the Record, "You go your way and I will go mine. You send a man to get my speech as I talk it off



Reed's Poem.

to the spell-bound, apple-eating audience in the halls of debate, or go without it." In the future the Congressional Record will have the manuscript two days before hand. tions, erasures or interlineations, and thus, public will not be deprived of it.

The Record will continue, however, in the future as it has been in the past, strictly independent in politics, believing that a succoarse demands of either party, and so the Record will do no pondering whatever this year, but try to build up the paper, and let other industries look out for themselves. Ex-Congressmen who may be in town, are cordially invited to visit the office during their stay, and sleep in the pressroom when

driven out by thankless hotels. No manuscript will be paid for by the Record unless an arrangement to that effect has been previously made. Births and deaths made in good faith, will be accepted

at \$1 if set in nonpareil type,

The Record will next year establish in
Europe a branch to be called The Reichstag Woopenblatter. Both papers will be furnished to one address at the regular price to subscribers in good taith, who will also have a chance to guess at the beans. To those who are contemplating a visit to Washington, let me say that the latch string of the Record office is always hang-ing out and friends from all over the land are cordially invited to drop in any day and bring their dinners or feed their teams in

iront of the office.

Visiting cards with inflammatory floral designs on them, struck off at a moment's notice. Also equestrian printing of every description, address the Congressional Rec-ord, Washington, D. C. BILL NYE.

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Good at Her Trade.

Miss Gossip-Do you think I would make

CLUBS FOR WOMEN.

The Imitation of Men a Harsh Note of Modern Civilization.

Ceaseless Change as the Popular Recipe for

Enjoyment.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)



HE enormous in crease in men's clubs is a singular feature of modern society. Their name is legion; their uses manifold and their influences latest effect is likely

to be the most im ortant of all; it is their creation, though mitation, of women's clubs. It may certainly be stated, without possibility of contradiction, that had there been no men's clubs there would never have been any women's clubs. The uneasiness of women to imitate men, politically, personally and socially, is a distressing note of modern civilization. It is artistically a mistake, it is probably also one morally. It is unlikeness which lends interest to intercourse quite as much as sympathy and it is difference which constitutes charm in companionship, as well as comprehension. The landscape which is uniform is tiresome and so is

uniformity of character. The mere fact that women should wish for clubs indicates the immense change which has taken place in the habits and wishes of the sex. Clubs merely supply to men, in a handy and condensed shape, what they possessed before; but to women they offer wholly new and possibly questionable advantages. If a woman wants a club it is indicative that her home does not give her much that she wants; she may be a busy or an idle person, but she is at all events one who loves the streets, like Dr. Johnson, and finds pleasure in being associated with strangers. To those who are still of opinion that the finest flower of womanhood is a sensitive plant best cultured in shade and silence this indication will not be welcome. The kind of woman who will enjoy a club will not be of the highest order; she will be a chatty, gregarious, sociable, probably fussy and gossiping woman, or she will belong to that eminently unlovely and unlovable class of women who is, in sporting phrase, "hard as nails," who wears glasses, dissects live kittens, and writes learned essays to prove the nothingness of every-thing; a truly horrible and appalling class which it is the especial destination of the

nineteenth century to have produced. CLUBS FOR BOTH SEXES. These two orders of women, with those other women who are humdrum, hurried and occupied in gaining their own liveli-hood in the most meritorious, but uncom-fortable manner, will furnish the ladies Those to which men are admitted will so ex- A Mischievous Youngster Gets Into Disgrace not worth discussing. They will offer agreeable facilities for rendezvous, and this will become the chief end and object very naturally; possibly when one or two tremendous scandals have had their headquarters in them they will be shut up with a tremendous noise and uproar, and society will be neither the better nor the worse for them. What are essentially women's clubs are those to which women only are admitted, as men's clubs are essentially those to which men only have access; clubs to which both men and women go are mere places of promiscu-ous social resort such as have existed from the days of Ranleigh and the Palais Royal. They do not affect nor alter the social relations of the sexes in any way whatsoever. Clubs to which men alone go have greatly acted on those relations; although only extending liberties and publicities which men previously enjoyed, they have facilitated men's seeking and finding their bien etre, both mental and physical, elsewhere than at their homes, in general society or with the women to whom they are attached. They have increased the already large capabilities which men possess for enjoying themselves in the company of their own sex and have as their greatest disadvantage the tendency to make men indolent and lax before the requirements of general society. But these influences are only extensions of those which surrounded all male life before

great development, will occasion in the fe-male sex will be very extended, and it is not difficult to predict of what kind it will be.

the modern club existed; the corresponding

influences of the same nature which club

life for women will bring into women's tem-peraments, associations and habits is a very

much wider and graver matter; the change

which female clubs, should they obtain any

ATTRACTIONS OF CLUB LIFE. If, as men generally say, club life tends to make men absorbed in creature comforts and in a day of small things, it will tend to detach women more and more from those unselfish affections which demand continual sacrifices of both time and comfort. The comfortable lounging-chair, the ready-cut journals, the well-cooked dishes and the surrounding atmosphere of cheerful gossip will seem much more alluring than the vigil of the sick-bed, the fretfulness of the feverish child or the long day alone with books and needlework and household accounts which is the fate of the woman of the middle classes when her father or her husband is away at his business offices, banks or law courts. The club, if she have once entered it, will draw her to it as surely as a magnet iron; opinions may differ as to the good or evil of the effect, but we may be quite sure that Penelope will not be sacisfied with her web ever afterward; she will find out where her own comfort and convenience lie, and she will go to them. In the innumerable receipts which teem in the press for the concoction of human happi-ness it is significant that none of them ever suggest that it should be found at home. That idea is too old-fashioned to be thought of for a moment; it has been put aside on a back shelf among the colwebs with the let-ters of Mrs. Chapone. All amusement and interest must, it is taken for granted, come from without.

A WOMAN OF THE WORLD. The life of the woman of the world passes in incessant movement, political or social, secording to her bias; it is filled and overaccording to her bias; it is filled and over-filled by incessant rounds of house parties, continual changes of scene and climate, often long and varied voyages, innumerable en-gagements crammed on the top of one an-other into every hour, now and then only, a brief, breathless, impatient pause, if any-one dies so near related that momentary re-

tirement is as unavoidable as crape. The schemes for making the working peo-ple happy, of which so much is said ad nauseam, are all based on the same lines. They are to be asked out to rich people's drawing rooms or to be drawn, as a swarm of bees is drawn by the tinkling of pots and pans, about a big organ in a large glass or brickwork building. It never seems to oc-cur to anyone that they might by any possibility whatever be happy beside their own hearths. The infinite indulgence of a cease-

compass to another, scarcely taking breath to alight, is the modern incarnation of heaven. To be in Yosemite one day, and in Yucatan the next, is the one form of enjoyment and instruction which the modenjoyment and instruction which the mod-ern mind can compass; the multitudes, who have only Sundays or public holidays, or Easter, or Whitsuntide weeks in which to imitate the example set them by their social superiors, cram themselves into excursion trains and waste their few rare leisure hours in noise, dust, labor, fatigue, perspira-tion and expenditure, to return jaded, out of temper, out of pocket, and too often more than haif drunk. They are incessantly told that they require a "change," nobody ever tries to make them understand that rest after toil, repose after exertion, silence after noise, the mere stillness of the limbs after SOME RESORTS FOR BOTH SEXES OUIDA ON THE EFFECTS OF CLUB LIFE

PITTSBURG,

SINGULAR PREMONITIONS.

noise, the mere stillness of the limbs after long exertion are in themselves happiness.

A Man Twice Saves His Life by Obeying

Mysterious Impulses. A few minutes after the fall of the Willey building on Wednesday last, while a complicated. Their crowd was gathering to view the ruins in which so many mangled and dead people lay, a stranger who was gazing at the wrecked structures from the opposite side of Wood street entered into a conversation with a DISPATCH reporter. Said be:

"For about five years on every week day I have passed along that side of Wood street at about the hour this terrible disaster occurred. To-day I was on my way to Fifth avenue, and had reached the Chamber of Commerce building when a sudden impulse came upon me to take the other side of the street. I crossed over, and before I reached the sidewalk the crash came. Had I kept along as I was going I would have been in front of the Weldin building just in time to be crushed by bricks and falling timber. I can no more account for the action which probably saved my life than you can; I simply telt that I must do it, and I do not know that I felt even a premonition of

"Years ago I escaped being robbed and possibly murdered in a way that was equally remarkable. At the time I was a collector in the province of Ontario. One bitter cold winter evening I found myself in a small town about 50 miles from Toronto with a large sum of money in my possession. Having determined to go to Toronto that night on the 9 o'clock train I telegraphed to the hotel where I usually stopped and asked that a room be reserved for me and a fire put in it. When the train came along I got on the front of the smoking car, walked through that car, through the next one, then got off and went to the telegraph office and sent another message to the Toronto hotel stating that I had changed my mind and was not coming that night. What made me do so was more than I could tell—the same indefinable impulse that controlled me

"I went back to the house where I had taken supper and remained there all night. The next morning I read in the Toronto paper, of an assault and attempted robbery of a man who had arrived in that city on the train I was going to take but did not. The man was sandbagged while on his way from the depot to the hotel, and from the description given he must have been my exact counterpart-dress, size, color of hair and even the cut of his whiskers, being like my own. The thugs had mistaken him for me, and they knew I had money."

THE LITTLE BOY LIED.

later Freddie trudged back into the house slone and announced that he was going offered a liberal reward. home. The lady asked: "Where is the dog, Freddie?"

"Oh! He'th all right," said the lisping prevaricator as he went out, giving the words an emphasis that called to mind the popular cry of the ante-election marching

But the dog was far from being all right, and the sequel showed that this was another case where "the little boy lied." The lady went to look for her daughter's pet and tound him almost completely submerged in a tub of water. The poor animal was in a drowning and perfectly helpless condition. A few seconds more in the tub would probably have finished him. As it was, it required a good deal of exertion to resuscitate the creature. He was rolled on the floor. then wrapped in warm blankets and placed near the kitchen fire, and eventually came to, but for a while it looked as though poor Tiger would soon breathe his last. Freddie has kept away from Fannie's house ever since this incident, and the girl says she will never speak to him again.

RAZORS NEED REST.

A Barber Tells Some Curious Facts About Shaving Instruments. "Razors sometimes need rest," remarked Pittsburg barber. "They get out of order

with constant use, but if laid away for a few weeks are often restored to their tormer condition."

"How do you account for such a singular fact?" "Well, I am not a scientist and hardly competent to answer so difficult a question. But I have heard this explanation, which to me appears to be a reasonable one. The grain of the finest razor is so sensitive that its general direction is changed by constant service and frequent stropping. When the blade is new the grain runs from the upper end of the outer point in a diagonal direc-tion toward the handle. The steel, with use, undergoes a change until the grain appears to run straight up and down, and at last the direction of the fiber becomes completely reversed. The temper is affected at the same time and the razor becomes unfit for use. Put it away and give it a rest for a month or six weeks and it becomes as good

as new.
"Whether this be the true explanation or not, it is certainly a fact that the finest razors appear at times to get tired, and cannot be kept in good condition until t.ey have had a rest."

IT'S DAY HAS GONE BY.

A Once Popular Preparation Almost Entirely Out of Use Now. "Hair oil? Yes, sir. Here is some of the finest. Will you have a 25 or a 50 cent bottle?

After the sale had been made and the customer had departed, the druggist's clerk turned to a DISPATCH reporter who had dropped in for a chat and a cigar and volunteered the information that he hadn't sold a bottle of hair oil before for three weeks. "A tew years ago," he said, "the trade in this kind of goods was brisk. Now it is next to nothing. The trouble is that hair oils have gone out of use almost entirely—
not one man in a hundred puts it on his
hair regularly. Some allow the barber to
oil their hair occasionally, but a great
many object even te that. Hair oils are
not in favor in these days."

New York Sun.) Bessie-You are always making mistakes, dear.

George-Yes. I thought all along that you loved me.

were encrusted with dirt, and the small round windows were so thick with a like accumulation that to have seen three feet beyond them would have been an utter im-

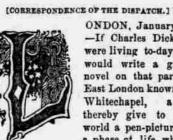
Lillian Spencer Visits the Scene of the Whitechapel Murders.

THE ABODE OF CRIME.

13,

A Phase of Human Life Worthy of the Pen of Dickens.

INEFFICIENT LONDON DETECTIVES.



JANUARY

ONDON, January 3.

n no other city has a parallel for filthy squalor, brutal viciousness, depraved criminality and moral degradation. In no other city would such a foul precinct be tolerated. In none other could it have sprung into existence at all, for nowhere else is there such heterogeneous mass of ignorant, unkempt, human beings, crowded together in such abodes of dirt and corruption as here; in the wretched shambles which, under the name o common lodging houses, go to form the dwelling places of the inhabitants of Whitechapel.

women parade up and down the streets. Most of them are known to each other by nick-name only. Little heed is given their comings and goings. They may disappear from their accustomary haunts without being missed. The taking off of one, more than the streets.



A Lodging House in Whitechapel. There is a saying to the effect that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives. This saying certainly ought to have originated in London, for nowhere else are people so singularly incurious regarding the very monuments in their midst.

Of course Whitechapel is known to Londoners, but Londoners (or rather inhabitants of the fashionable parts of London) are not known to Whitechapel. If the sordid characters of its murky confines ware familliar their were familliar to their eyes, the horror and frequency of its crimes would be less appalling to their ears.

Charles Dickens would have reveled in the Whitechapel of to-day. He would have found in it a greatfield for his creative

TALKING WITH TOBY. One cannot wander through the dingy streets and mix with the jostling throng without vividly recalling to mind the works of the distinguished writer. Keenly alive to the impressions conveyed by the living, breathing mass of humanity sweepwoman in draggle-tail, gaudy A 5-year-old Pittsburg boy has taken a great liking to a little girl named Fannie, who lives in the next house. Fannie is the proud possessor of a very small shaggy dog, who is a great favorite with both the children. The other day Freddie went over to see Fannie, but finding that she was absent asked permission of her mother to play with the dog. This was granted, and the boy and the dog disappeared together in the back yard. Half an honr famous murder recently committed, which



"I didn't know'd her to talk to," said Toby, alluding no doubt to the victim, "but I know'd she'd git done some time. She wussent pertikler enuff, and I wussent a bit s'prised when'd I heerd as ow it wus 'er.
And 'im that done 'er, I kin tell yer this
'bout 'im, 'e wussent none o' the kind thet puts hup at a sixpenny class; not'e. Thet chap that done 'er, thet chap, 'ez got a room to wash hisself hin and ez got time to do hit too."

They tell us "There is a soul of goodness in things evil," that "out remark on the Long Branch boat, two days before, that its owner "hadn't known band—to how much?—an eighth of a mil-

was that of a woman known among her associates as "One Armed Liz."



Liz was also supposed to be in possession upon; and the police were pleased to regard her testimony as important, which circum-stance brought her into great prominence in the eyes of her fellow-followers. She was willing for the price of a bed to tell all she knew, and manufactured all she didn't. She occupied a bare room in a barrack-like lodging house. She was not very beautiful to look at, nor agreeable to converse with, but the "heroine" of the hour, for all that. that. The ceiling of the apartment in which she held her court was so low that an ordinary-sized man could not have stood an erect under it. The walls were as black as the grime of many years could make them.

The rough, unsteady planks of the floor

The rough, unsteady planks of the floor

Show Desier—1es; that line of ladies as unshade held closely over her head, and representing the very best skill, was transparency rendering him invisible rendered doubly palpable by contrast with May Morris, who came quickly behind her.

The sun blazed upon May Morris without that it was folly to fly from her sight; and

"ONE-ARMED LIZ" RECITES.

Liz stood by a broken stove, the chimney of which smoked suffocatingly, brandishing a long, crooked-pronged fork in her thin, bony hand. A fish sizzled uneasily in a skillet. ONE-ARMED LIZ TELLS HER STORY. occasionally she slapped it over, first on on the place reeked with stale tobacco and gin soaked, fetid breaths, for Liz was not alone! Her neighbors had dropped in to keep her company. Huddled in a heap together, they represented poverty in its every stage! She was telling what she knew of the mur-dered woman, and her eloquent discourse was eagerly drunk in by her morbid

listeners.
"I know'd er in life, I'm a mornin' 'er in —If Charles Dickens were living to-day he would write a great novel on that part of East London known as Cool un, 'e his. But I know'd 'er as soon es I see 'er! Its Dark Annie I sed and I thereby give to the world a pen-picture of a phase of life which and incircled Liz's head, as she delivered the and incircled Liz's head, as she delivered the last words of her harangue, and her hearers gazed spell bound and awe-struck at the spectacle while the inspired prophetess continued turning the fish! The scene was at once gruesome and ludicrous but strongly suggestive of the people and the place!

The inhabitants of Whitechapel do not

seem to have any particular occupation. The men loaf in the public houses, and the women parade up and down the streets. or less, is a matter of little importance. The women are, if possible, more deprayed than the men. If they have 4 pence they pur-chase a bed at night, if not they sleep in doorways or sheds. The thorough ares of this district are intested with drunken ruffians and thieves, but the shops are bril-liantly lighted and the passersby careless to a degree. Police in uniform and plain clothes patrol the beats; churches throw open their doors and ring out a welcome in-vitation, to which those invited do not respond. No one lays any claim to being better than his neighbor. All are waits of the same streets; frequenters of the same vile resorts; companions of the same malefactors; living the same dissolute lives, dying the same horrible deaths. The ignorance among this herd of humanity is almost savage—even the higher instincts and sensibilities of the brute are lacking. Superstitious, untaught, evil-minded, they attribute their ups and downs in life largely to supernatural agencies, and nothing could induce them to "pal in" with one who had the "evil eye," even though (to express it in their own ver-nacular), he was spending the "swag" of a successful "bust," which, I take it, means well supplied with ill-gotten gains.

THE WHITECHAPEL SENSATION.

The frequency of crime in this vicinity is such that no particular sensation was caused when the first, second, third, and even fourth, of the "Great Whitechapel Murders" came to light. While the world at large stood appalled with horror, the people of East London shrugged their shoulders, heavily handward with their shoulders. heavily burdened with their iron cares, and went unheedingly on their way. The mur-ders they assumed to have been the freak of living, breathing mass of humanity sweeping by, one fancies him on the spot, stop-great numbers the neighborhood. As for ping for a moment to look into the painted | the victims, who were they that honest A Mischlevous Youngster Gets Into Disgrace

With His Playmate.

A 5-year-old Pittsburg boy has taken a great liking to a little girl named Fannie, shadows of Christ Church and finding unfortunates who, even though the off-

companions is out hunting a clew to a and still another ghastly murder was unearthed! "We have no clews, no basis to start from, no link to connect the women with any known characters in the district," said the police. I don't know how it impresses other people, but it occurred to me that with all the necessary facilities placed at their disposal they might, had they been endowed with the skill of the Parisian or American detectives, have succeeded in tracing a upon the surface, nor the ingenuity of the average English detective of that originality which would lead him to dive under for it.

The continuation of the e butcheries, of ing." course, aroused the sluggish emotions of the people of Whitechapel. Then they went to the other extreme, and became trenzied, even forming themselves into bands and organizing clubs for their better protection. Finally a reign of terror settled down in the

community.

I spent considerable time in Whitechapel cipitory path it is. Impossible to go down Another character worthy of Dickens a sin-smitten world to sublime destinies." with which I came in contact, and one he Let us hope this is the truth, particularly would have unquestionably made famous, where such unfortunate beings are conwas that of a woman known among cerned. L'LLIAN SPENCER.

> PRINTED WORDS, INSTEAD OF JARGON. An Improved System of Announcing the Names of Railroad Stations.

> As a suburban train approached the city the other day the brakeman announced the name of a station in a jurgon that might have been Chinese or Choctaw for all that any passenger not familiar with the place could tell. A gentleman who has considerable knowledge of railroad affairs turned and said to a DISPATCH reporter:

"I wonder how long the people of this he may be carried beyond his station. A ertion did the other. engine pulls up the guard sets some ma-chinery in motion, and the word appears conspicuously in every carriage. At night the placque is illuminated. This is much better for the passenger than our unsystem-atic method, and I wish something of the sort could be introduced here."

Harper's Bazar. ]

Miss Spinster (to shoe dealer)-I see that you have marked down some of your Shoe Dealer-Yes; that line of ladies' shoes is marked down. We have marked 'em all down two sizes. Now, there's a

## The Colonel's Cards.

AN ORIGINAL STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE WRITTEN FOR "THE DISPATCH" BY FRANKLIN FILE.

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CHAPTER V. GULF AND SAND. THE sun and the sea

were battling lazily over the boundary between the sand and the water, on the Long Branch beach. The sea would send its surf, in a series of onslaughts, a little further, and yet a little

further still, overwhelming the dry and, and with each incursion leaving a new and extended area troduced to the ladies, whom he had not of saturation; but a met before. few of these overlapping raids would ex- this was a new experience. haust its energy, and then, with the retreat, the sun would reclaim the sand so rapidly that dryness

chased the water visibly down the slope to where the waves still held unstable possession. The warfare of the elements was not violent. Children played in it, advancing and retiring with its fluctuations. Men and women sat or sauntered along the shifting line of hostility, keeping on Sol's side if they cared to remain dry, but crossing over the Neptune if they were bathers.

It was an hour, and a particularly hot one, for diversion in the surf. The almost vertical sunlight of noon heated the sand, and, refracting from the water, dazzled all eyes that were not shaded by hatbrims or umbrellas.

It was into this torrid brilliance that you know.'

exposing a flaw in her youthful genuineness. Her hair was the brighter brown for it, her eyes the clearer gray, and her skin the purer pink and white. The searching rays could find no flaw in the honesty of her appearance. She was so real and true that the throng of spectators discovered her in-stantly. Their scrutiny was the more open because, with her delicate proportions garbed in a modest kind of bathing dress, she looked more like the child that she had lately been than the woman that she had hardly become. Mrs. Dallas slid an arm gently around the girl, and lowered the sunshade protectingly, as she went with her toward the water. They met Victor Leroyd and Pootle coming out. The dripping Pootle was worse off in looks than before, but Victor was better, with his glow of exereise and its arousal of spirit. He was in-

"Shall I take you into the water?" he asked, seeing the timidity of May, to whom

"If you please," she replied, with a sud-den confidence inspired as much by a look straight into his face as by an oblique glance at his stalwart form.

They waded until May, immersed to the waist, gave a small scream of alarm at a billow that threatened to cover her. She put out her hands to Victor, who took them firmly in his own. In an instant she felt herself lifted by her companion, so that her face was no more than fleeked by the foam of the big waves that swept under her.

"Are you frightened?" he asked, as he felt the clutch of both her hands in one of his own. "Not in the least," she replied; "you seem

so strong.' "Can you swim?" "Not the first stroke." "Well, I can easily swim for two. Shall we go out a little way? There is no danger,

"SHALL WE GO OUT A LITTLE WAY?"

"I'd be glad to know, Vic," said Pootle.

as he squinted his eyes to the blinding glare, "that these folks can't see me any better'n I can see them." "Nonsense, Uncle Jonas," responded De-royd. "There can't be another man on the beach half so interesting in a bathing suit as limp as you can. Now, all aboard!"

Pootle's fat figure sagged into the un-shapelines of a single blue flannel garpossible connection between the victims and thus supplied the missing links and brought to light the hidden motive. The cause of a murder is not likely to be found floating ment, from the four corners of which protruded his pulpy arms at the clows and to light the hidden motive. The cause of a murder is not likely to be found floating many thereto looked big and coarse as unrelieved by coatsleeves and trousers | surrendered herself without a tremor of fear

> "So's the fat man in a museum interest-ing," he continued, "but he ain't admirable —is he, now?" and there was in the old fellow's voice an appeal for sympathy and | daughter," he began abruptly, and she in-"Who cares how he looks in a bathing

suit?" said Victor.
"Oh, you don't, of course—you handsome to be said for its homeless outcasts. In with the physique of a circus athlete, and a tor's liking for May, if he gets any." many cases no avenue by which they can honestly earn their bread is open to them. Consequently they are driven to earn it on the streets. They are indeed children of with no more concealment of their muscles adverse circumstances and unbappy des- than if, like his entire arms, they had been tiny, and it is no fault of theirs if they swell bare. His sturdy legs were disclosed the population of the great city, one and all altogether a to symetrical outlines and from the knees down as to healthy skin. His face was frank and merry, but not that remark on the Long Branch boat, two days before, that its owner "hadn't known bandenough to rest when he was tired"—with ion?" the difference that he had resolutely relieved himself from business tatigue and set about recreation. Nothing idle in thought or disposition was indicated in the clear visage

As Victor strode sacross the sand to the water, Pootle kept abreast, but on the side "You needn't. Winnie shall make love furthest from the spectators, for he meant | to her. You and I will help him. So shall that, as a couple, they should present more | this funny friend of yours-Mrs. Gansett. comeliness than uglicess, no matter how the two aspects might be apportioned. For the same reason he not only waded into the surf "I won't let you." alongside, but simultaneously they plunged country will put up with this antiquated head foremost into the first billow encounmethod of telling passengers where they are? It's a nuisance, and keeps a stranger lines with equal ease, for the rotundity of n a state of uneasiness constantly, for lear one floated him quite as well as sinewy ex-

man's hearing must be very quick, or half
the time he can't tell what the average brakeman says when he calls
out the name of the place. Why, even unprogressive Russia is ahead of us in this parprogressive Russia is ahead of us in this particular. There they have a system which renders mistakes almost impossible. Every compartment of the train is supplied with a frame exhibiting a placque on which the name of the station is printed. When the engine pulls up the guard sets some machinery in motion, and the word appears conspicuously in every carriage. At night action, but we who know the Colonel, understand that the umbrella was an imaginary wheel-of-fortune, at which he was in fancy winning or losing money, or settleing some question by chance. His mental and manual occupation was shortly interrupted by the approach of Mrs. Dallas, who came from the section of huts devoted to the dressingrooms of female bathers. But she was not in bath attire. Her toilet was a slight exaggeration, in colors and shapes, of the prevailing summer fashion, and she wore it impressively; but the artificiality of her hues of hair and face, although softened by a sunshade held closely over her head, and representing the very best skill, was rendered doubly palpable by contrast with May Morris, who came quickly behind her.

The sun blazed upon May Morris without

"I know there isn't." The tight clasp of her hands told him wherein her sense of safety lay.

"Then we're off." But he stood still. She opened her eyes at him in inquiry.
"You must let go," he said, with a reluct-

to the brief excursion seaward. Colonel Dullas and Sheeba watched the pair with equal but different interest. "That fellow will fall in love with your errupted him with:

"Hush, Sam! Don't speak it."
"Well, with Miss Morris-if your afraid of the other word. You are not going to connive at that?" I spent considerable time in Whitechapel Gazing upon his nephew, proud satisfaction displaced his discontent, for he saw a only that he is not a blackleg, like your teams to the just conclusion that much is strapping, well-proportioned young man, "No. I know nothing of Victor Leroyd.

> "Now, see how much deeper I am con-cerned. She is a neat little heiress. I'm bound that my son shall marry her." "I've said so, and it shall be so. I have

> told Winnie, and like a dutiful son, he con-sents to sacrifice himself." "Sacrifice?" "To be sure. He might be compelled.

"How should I know?" "Because it was you who robbed me of it. Wasn't it robbery to keep it away from me -or me away from it? When we got marand yet it expressed no immediate concern | ried I wasn't disposed to be squeamish about beyond the trivial surroundings. Victor vour past. You vaguely told me that you Leroyd had determined upon a day's had once been the wife of a rich man; but vacation, from care, the perplexities of what you didn't tell me was that he left a which were excluded from his mind. He big fortune to your daughter—or that you

was not the sort of man to keep his body at | had a daughter at all." Long Branch and let his brain go to Wall | "A bad woman may be a good mother. I

> "O, yes you will. Because if you interfere I'll have to neutralize your influence by telling the dear girl that you are her mother and all about you."
> "And I'd spoil your scheme by showing

you and your son to her for what you are.